Ro. And badst me bury loue.

Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in, another out to haue.

Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not so.

Fri. O she knew well,
Thy loue did read by rote, that could no spell:
But come yong Wauerer, come and goe with me,
In one respect Ile thy assistant be:
For this Alliance may so happie proue,
To turne your housholds rancor to pure loue.

Rom. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden hast.

Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

Enter Benuolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the Deu'le should this *Romeo* be? came hee not home to night?

Ben. Not to his fathers, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that *Rosaline* Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the Kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a Letter to his fathers house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answere it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answere a Letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answere the Letters Master, how he dares being dared.

Mer. Alas, poore *Romeo*, hee is already dead, stab'd with a white Wenches blacke Eye, run through the eare with a Loue-Song, the very Pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde Bow-boyes But-shaft, and is he a man to encounter *Tibalt*?

Rom. Why, what is *Tibalt*?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. O hee's the couragious Captaine of Complements: he fights as you sing Prick-song, keepes time, distance and proportion, hee rests his *minum* rests, one two and the third in your bosome: the very Butcher of a silke

silke button, a dualist, a dualis
house of the first and second c
the punto reuerso, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such an
cies, these new tuners of accen
very tall man, a very good wh
ble thing grandsir, that wee sh
strange flies: these fashion-mon
stand so much on the new form
the old bench. O their bones,

Enter Rom

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, her

Mer. Without his Roe, like
how art thou fishified? now is h
lowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, w
had a better loue to berime her
Gipsie, *Helten* and *Hero*, hildi
eye or so, but not to the purpos
a French saluation to your fren
terfeit fairely last night.

Rom. Good morrow to yo
giue you?

Mer. the slip sir, the slip, can

Romeo. Pardon good *Mercu*
in such a case as mine, a man ma

Mer. Thats as much as to
straines a man to bow in the ha

Romeo. Meaning to curtsie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly

Rom. A most curteous exposi

Mer. Nay, I am the very pin

Romeo. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Romeo. Why then is my pump

Mer. Sure wit, follow mee
worne out thy pump, that when

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